

The Sharon High Times

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This is it!



SENIOR REMEMBRANCES

We've spent about nine months a year
Attending public school,
Doing all our homework
And living by its rule.

But now it's graduation time
And life is like a game.
We do a lot of laughing
Though it's just not the same.

For this year is our last, you see
And we must look ahead.
Cause there's a great big world out there
Just like our mothers said.

So here we stand--this bunch of kids
We're out of school for good.
Why don't we all feel super-psyched
Like we all know we should?

It's cause we've bid goodbye, today
To many of our friends
Whom some of us, it may well be,
We'll never see again.

And now we have a different life
A new one--starting now.
We have to learn to manage it
To make it work somehow.

But each of us, from time to time
Will stop and bend the rule,
By thinking back at all the fun
We spent at our high school.

--Francis Martin Fox

Class History

On June 3rd the class of 1981 will graduate from Sharon High School, thus completing our thirteen year secondary education and, for most of us, ending the most impressionable period of our lives. It was during these years that we were taught some of the basic differences between right and wrong, though sometimes the boundary between the two was hard to define. We constantly dreaded the thought of going to school, even though it was there that we made friends and played games, both in the mental and physical sense. Most importantly, however, we learned to get along with others and with ourselves as well. It is only fitting that at this turning point in our lives we look back at our school days to recall those memories which, for one reason or another, will never be forgotten.

The earliest members of our class started kindergarten way back in 1968. We knew nothing of Vietnam, Civil Rights, or the Kennedy's; after all, we were only five years old. We played with blocks and big trucks and stood in line for the bathroom. After a year we graduated to go on to bigger and better things: elementary school.

As I'm sure you all know, there are three elementary schools. Though we were divided among the three school we still had basically the same activities and we learned the samethings in all three. We learned how to read, thanks to Spot, Dick, and Jane, and how to add, subtract, and later how to multiply (division was always tough). Mr. Kraitzer faithfully came by once a week with his art cart, teaching us how to fingerpaint, draw, and finally sketch neighboring houses with remarkable results. We learned how to shoot spitballs with amazing accuracy and somehow managed to chow down on the school lunches week after week, year after year. We remember the hours spent playing kickball and four-square during recess, though there were always separate games for boys and girls. But that changed too, though slowly, over the years.

We all came together in that monstrosity on S. Main street, the Intermediate school, for 5th grade in 1973. Though we numbered some 275, it wasn't long before Mr. Kaufman had memorized everyone's names. We learned how to add and multiply fractions, we read about pre-historic man, and we studied about the Revolutionary War (one class even had to memorize the preamble to the Constitution!) Mrs. Claboe geared us for the Presidential Fitness awards, kept us after school for volleyball and basketball competitions, and even taught us how to square dance, bless her. During recess we played kickball in the parking lot, soccer in the tennis courts, handball against the boiler room and staged chicken fights and played kill-the-man-with-the-ball in the grassy field. (One day all the girls went to the auditorium to see a movie while the guys all stayed in class, guessing why they couldn't see it as well.) The Audobon program taught us to love and respect nature, despite the fact that one cute, furry little raccoon stank up the auditorium for about two weeks. In support of the Audobon Society one class ran the 211 Conservation Celebration, offering cookies, brownies, and cakes to all the students (for a reasonable price of course) and raffling off the cutest, most appetizing devils-food panda this writer has ever laid eyes on. We had a science fair for the benefit of Parents Open House Night, and had a snow-sculpture contest which

produced striking accurate replicas of Mickey Mouse and Snoopy. We raffled off basketballs and t.v. sets to benefit causes as Globe Santa and the victims of the Chelsea fire. Above all, these co-operative efforts taught us that we could get things done and make things work out, if we only set our minds to it and worked together.

Our stay at the intermediate school was a time that left unique impressions in our lives. We went to school during the first energy crisis, when people really became aware for the first time of the horrors of gas lines and cold winter nights. We were taught that it was cheaper to leave a light on for five minutes than to waste energy turning it off and on again. We came back from summer knowing that even Presidents are not above the law, and that they too must suffer the consequences for their acts. Finally, it was the human Adjustment films which explained some of the more perplexing problems of sex (to those, of course, who had not already boasted of complete knowledge of the subject) and left the underlying impression that we would not be kids forever, that we were inexorably, growing up.

In the 6th year our intellectual experience in the Sharon School System many of us remained content and secure at the Intermediate while a handful were given the chance to grow up a little faster by encroaching on the Class - 1980's & 79's territory at the big J-High. This was indeed the most frustrating & frightening experience in our lives. We soon learned that those big kids had a bigger bark than bite. But to stay safe on the safe side we weren't taking any chances and made sure that we walked in pairs and kept a close watch over our shoulders on the ramps and in the lavs.

After the austere heat wave in the summer of '75 the Class of '81 was soon unified again at the J-High. At this time we encountered such adjustments as learning a 2nd language. This was a choice between Spanish and French. It was quite evident that "Esta Suzanna en Casa" would be a valuable fraze never to be forgotten. Another adjustment was being characterized by the house you were in. House I student were considered Victorian Intellectual. House II were Normal Americans and House III were Communists and Radicals. Our 2nd home outside our classroom soon became the gym. Mr. Guthro had adopted 244 new daughters and sons and Mr. Holt kept everyone in line with his insults and obstacle courses. Gymnastics ability was rife and everyone was sure that Bitsy would become the next Olga. The exersize room was always the place to be especially if a marginal romance was in store. Miss Macklaand Miss Sarkes gave everyone a sense of security and domination. It was evident (that height and Cracking voices were signs that better days were soon to come.

As well as the J High Scholastic Edification we were also enlightened to subjects of proctured value. Our understanding of the double boiler, the seam ripper were due to the efforts of Mrs. Boothby & Miss Shurocks. Mr. Norris was the apple in every girls eye and we soon learned to stay put in woodshop untill the eminent phrase "DEEEE - Paaart" bellowed from the lungs of Mr. Jackson.

Many of us had faced a traumatic experience in J-High when a thought to be collision between Mr. Kaiser and Mr. Cady ended in only 1/2 the science class going to Horseneck beach. This was only light of it. Many students faced the problems of getting up money every saturday afternoon for the enumerable events taking place at temple sinai, Isreal and Adath. Mackay's card racks

were soon to be emptied of Bah Mitzvah and Bat Mitzvah cards and bank accounts were soon to be filled for college years.

The microphone in the cafeteria soon became the main attraction at the end of the lunch period when Mr. D. would award some lucky kid with an H-Bar. For some reason it was a very big deal.

It is still a question in everyone's mind what became of the staid and mysterious Mr. Orel. His habit of eating pizza with a fork and having virtually no sense of humor may lead us to suspect he may have become an eminent faux pas somewhere out in the world.

Our first J-High dance (and consequently our last), thanks to certain individuals whose names will remain anonymous, proved to be a gaylor event for all that were present. And slow dances were soon found to be the best way to break the ice with that special kind person. There was always those boring music buffs that stood in front of the amps all night, hands in pockets wishing he were up there playing. Our J-High days were ended in June of '77. In the gym we collected trophies and last sights of teachers who inspired our hard J-High years. As the buses pulled out of Mountain Street a chill ran through our spines and everyone gave their last jeering yell at Mrs. Kelly and Mr. Boudish who pooled in the old V-W Van everyday. It was later learned that the old van was traded in for a newer style and a wedding band.

Kinkiness came to us in the form of a large scale Toga party where students skipped around in skimpy sheets. Disgust was evident in the food fights which took place at least weekly in the school lunchroom, fights complete with flying pudding that oozed over innocent people's hair, and peas flung by students' pressing down on the prongs of a fork. Lastly our class witnessed the ultimate revolting thing when a student hung a dead cat (known to biology students as "rigor mortis") from the ceiling of one of the science rooms.

Other problems included the embarrassment of having to explain that the little freshmen who just said "hello" to you in the hall was - oh, the shame of it - your little brother or sister.

Added to this, in our senior year a new form of punishment - in-house-suspension. In-house wasn't too bad, though. It provided one of the highlights of our year when a certain person displayed a certain gesture that earned him this punishment, totally alien to his prior experience.

How did we relieve the problems and pressures plaguing seniors?

The new salad bar allowed us to vent our creative energy, as we devised ways of fitting enormous amounts of food on our less-than-enormous plates or created unusual (ly unappetizing) concoctions.

We also proclaimed special days such as Hat Day, Tie Day, or Senior Service Day. Who can forget the drooling freshmen girls at the Senior Service Auction, giving everything they could to own their favorite Jock for one day, or Jack Stock's being forced to sing a moving rendition of "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" in the lunch room?

Others of us took out our aggressions by making an overly enthusiastic dissection of our pig in Advanced Biology. When examining our pig's internal anatomy the less observant of us were amused to discover we should have named it "Peter Petunia."

Those unable to handle the rigors of senior year either transferred to Bendinelli University or developed a syndrome called

workaphobia whereby for the life of them, no matter how hard they tried they could not do homework.

Senior year, with its ups and downs, was generally enjoyable. The history of the senior class does not end here, though. We plan to continue our history of spirit, sportsmanship, and smartness to make Class of 1981 a smashing success!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

September of '79 was an unforgettable time for all of us. We were no longer the head of the J-High but again the youngins. We managed to learn our way through the halls of the High School despite the fact that our vision of elevators and swimming pools were in fact lecture halls and library closets. We even managed to live through the intimidation of the class of '78.

Many girls after paying a pretty penny at Slave Day and having immense confidence for Sadie Hawkins dance, however did not overcome their infatuations with senior men and deep down inside still haven't. Despite being on the bottom rung of the ladder, the sum of the bucket, and in other words - FRESHMEN we did everything unique and with class. We set the precedent for electing Co-presidents, we won the first prize for the best homecoming float and our freshman basketball team was undefeated. Not bad for beginners.

Memories of Mrs. McGarries pen & pencil checklists, Mr. Downings' World History Maps, first year finals were enough to choke a horse, but we managed to live through these tedious experiences.

Levies and combs in the back pocket were soon traded in for skirts, blush and electric curlers. Style and appearance soon seemed to matter for some reason.

This was also about the time when those guys who were always kinda short got awfully tall and for some reason they were still given up for that senior Jack.

Sophomore started out with a bang when, to the chagrin of male ego-maniacs across the school, our class elected its first female president, Lisa Todd. As it turned out, her election benefitted the class, as shown in our class winning both the pep rally and float competition.

Academically, Spanish students found themselves unable to cope with Mrs. Garcia's fun-filled Spanish classes. Faced with her ultra-brite smile and Havana-like disposition. Many students got pink-slipped simply for not being able to make out her many hispanic expletives (e.g. shuddup-a-you-face!!!)

To be sure, the only real excitement a sophomore year came to us in the form of events of the kinky-disgusting-revolting type.

Even with all this behind us, however, the two most exciting events really didn't occur until the spring of our junior year. First, there was the junior prom, which went smoothly enough, as long as one doesn't consider that the band played wrong notes and the wrong prom song. And then there was that feat which even the class didn't expect to achieve: the fact that we were the first class to ever have not one, not two, but three class days in one year. Everything would have been all right during the first class day if only our little convoy of Sharon cars hadn't decided to play out the old cartoon series "wacky races" while en route to the beach. As it turned out our Brady Bunch of Automobiles managed to cover almost every Sand-pit the cape ever developed, including ones the Cape itself didn't know existed.

Luke and Laura ushered in our senior year as they decided the black book and turned in the mob. We thought that story-line was over with until Laura decided to play hard to get - oh, if only the Mob had gotten her for good. But we seniors, disgusted with Laura's fickleness, had other matters to occupy our mind throughout the year.

Take our senior float at Homecoming, for instance. Our giant bull-dog was a creative and colorful addition to the proceedings, and Butch the Bull-dog added a special touch - he could have been just a little less effusive in Joe's back seat.

Although our float did not win, we made up for it as president Lisa Todd led us to victory at the pep rally, putting the juniors in their proper place.

Senior year was not all fun and games, though. Severe cases of senioritis were diagnosed throughout the school, this leading to a disproportionate number of dismissals and absences among certain seniors. Compounding the problem, administrators threatened not to let us out early. Suddenly, many cases of senioritis were miraculously cured, and consequently we soon will be let loose on the town of Sharon.

It was this last happy event which helped carry us over into our junior year, a year which proved to be little more than 12 months marked with havoc. Once again, the election

of officers provided excitement when our first girl president was accused of unscrupulously-altering, shall we say? - the voting procedures. Students who liked to smoke were faced with the removal of the smoking area. These of us who saw how nothing wrong with occasionally (or even constantly) skipping a class found that they now had to deal with -yes, you friend and mine, that walking wall of walloping flesh - LURCH (Mr. Dickson to friends) And to raise money for the class, the officers organized our first Candy Cane Day, a booming success.

In the classroom, Latin students cried during our junior year on account of the absence of everyone's scholar, Mr. Beachamin, but were happy to find him replaced by one Mrs. Moran. After a month, however, she too went insane and became a junkie while the preppy Mr. MacDonald took over her position. English classes happily found that one period a week was occupied with Mr. Marcus' thrilling career counseling sessions, during which students took the Kuder exam, an exam which asked students how often they go butterfly catching (at least 3 days a week) and which in the end, told many students to become Catholic nuns. In October, most of us suffered through College Board's impossible PSAT's just as in early spring many of us endured the futility of taking SAT's and ACH. tests. Still, none of us were anxious about the results since the guidance department continually urged us not to worry too much since these tests would only affect the rest of our lives.

THE WAY WE WERE



CLASS

WILL

Danny Maranson leaves his loose bone
Rick Abreau leaves alone,

Dan Adler leaves his blue suede shoes
Tom Albuit leaves his chess loves,

April Alexander leaves her cheerly smile
Brian Alkins leaves always in style,

David Allen leaves his mother's 3rd degree
Carol Ampey leaves her personality,

Donna Applestein leaves in John's hold
Phyllis Arffa wills her hands of Gold,

Steve Balerna leaves an application to his
fan club

Jeremy Barber leaves a tunafish sub
Stephanie Baker leaves her meatless grub,

David Bashy leaves his Doobies behind
Sidney Baum leaves with money always in mind,

Mike Blau leaves as letterman all year round
Bob Bonin leaves cruisin' all over town,

Thierry Bonnaire leaves his smoking problem
Denise Bordonaro leaves seldom solemn,

Debbie Bornstein leaves her softball skill
Jim Bowen leaves better than Bill,

Harold Bower leaves his bass, pick, and drums
Jean Boyde leaves flirting with her chums,

Jeannette Branca leaves for the partying life
Michael Carter leaves his Sharon strife,

Shari Clements leaves with Toes in the air
Tom Alteiri seldom leaves because he's never
here,

Carol Brown leaves all the rest
Robin Cleveland leaves as Allman's BEST,

Robert Cline leaves his candy and foods
Sarah Cobb leaves her Schizo Moods,

Martin Cohen leaves trying to inspire
Mitchel Cohen leaves getting higher,

Joy Cornell leaves second to Bitsy
Joe Costello leaves for the military,

Robert Couming as a Freshman scoffer
Sharon Crawford leaves prim and proper,

Harlan Crowley leaves as a motorcycle freak
Jim Cuneo leaves the quarterback sneak,

Joan Cuneo leaves in Mum's car
Lisa Currie leaves a "daddy's little star,"

Steven Darrer leaves taking a ride with
Karen Kinney
Susan Davis leaves looking skinny,

Marcia Delman leaves as '81's best
Judy Drake leaves for her Nashville screen test,

Carol Dravton leaves her basketball feats
Patty Dutton leaves her field hockey cleats,

Lisa Ellis leaves with plenty to say
Monica Enxing leaves 52 weeks pay,

Ellen Einstein leaves her ivory keys
Stephanie Falk leaves speaking Japanese,

Mike Feldman leaves walking tall if he could
George Fitzgerald leaves Convenient for good,

Jimmy Fitzgerald leaves as Dudley's Surprise
John Flaherty leaves in Ellen's eyes,

Robby Ford leaves his 4 by 4
Holly Flynne leaves to come back no more,

Beth Foster leaves sleeping instead
Martin Fox leaves his Greatful Dead,

Glenn Frank leaves always in the dark
Melissa Frank leaves with a snide remark,

Tracy Frassica leaves her money spent
Michael Gaeta leaves LOOKING intelligent,

Steven Gaeta leaves in In-House suspension
Dave Gollerman leaves trying to make an
impression.

Bruce Glasser leaves without much said
Leslie Glow leaves with preppiness ahead,

Julie Godfredson leaves with Finland in her
blood

Larry Goodman leaves to be a STUD!,

Brick Goldberg leaves his stage calls
Michael Goldstein leaves lighting the halls
Billy Goodman leaves still BOUNCING HIS BALLS,

Linda Gray leaves with that special guy in mind
Paul Grealy leaves his 'Bleacher Creatures'
behind,

Robin Grover leaves crashing her car
Mary Grunfield leaves to go far,

Jeff Goulston leaves as the Phantom Dancer
Debbie Hackett leaves as a sexy prancer,

Alan Hain leaves searching for hie bong
Diane Hall leaves saving "The voting was WRONG!"

Hope Hall leaves her modeling career
David Henriquez leaves Lauren in full gear,

Daniella Herbig leaves Germany behind
Hope Herson leaves "nursing" her wine,

Richie Hertzberg leaves his marks from Mary
Darlene Hodges leaves the Chicken Cake Recipel,

Tina Hollis leaves shooting the Bull,
Chrystal Howard leaves as Howard Chrystal!,

Susan Howe leaves her wounded Knee
Joanne Howley leaves her family tree,

Mitchell Hunt leaves his writing ability
Jon Hurwitz leaves with no agility,

Steve Idman leaves to gain some weight
Jayna Indeck leaves in an ALTERED STATE,

Afsaneh Iranpour leaves with Iranian tranquility
Bitsy Isgur leaves "Pick me! Pick me! I've got
POISE and PERSONALITY!!!!"

George Jackson leaves his music box
Eric Jacobs leaves his purple pants, green
sneakers, and white sox,

Debbie Jones leaves Wishing On a Star
Sue (Skafka) Kafka leaves her 44 double D-
Eighteen Hour BRA!!,

Darlene Kanya leaves her Disco beats
Larry Kaplan leaves his Football cleats,

Tilden Kaufman leaves his car with someone to
blame

Tuire Kangasniemi leaves her difficult name,

Nancy Kaylor leaves as quiet as she came
Julie Kerber leaves her curly locks the same,

Lee Kesselman leaves looking for that perfect
lad

Jon King leaves missing #1 by a Tad
 Karen Kinney leaves-Boy is She GLAD!,
 Rieko Kishi leaves with Sharon in her memory
 Tina Koistonen leaves one half a year early
 Robby Korwin leaves his English AP,
 David Krauthamer leaves as Sharon High's
 Incredible Hulk,
 Mark Kravitsky leaves his Incredible BULK,
 Stacey Kupperstein leaves with anyone she can
 Joe (Skurtzer) Kurtzer leaves as Second-Hand Man,
 Kevin LaBrie leaves with his piece of freshman pie
 John Lagsdin leaves as the most shy guy,
 Beth Lake leaves to give college a trial,
 Helayne Lapidus leaves her pretty smile,
 Jon Lavien leaves his macho way
 Jean Lawlor leaves with not much to say,
 Barry Leavitt leaves for his own sake
 Billy Leonard leaves his freshman cake,
 Ron Leppe leaves his two cases and a half
 Marie Letendre leaves her Funny laugh,
 Ilene Lezberg leaves "dressed to a tee"
 Tammy Lindheimer leaves Talkatively,
 Patty Little leaves her cute giggle
 Ben Lofgren leaves his sexy wiggle,
 Brian Laurie leaves his musical ability
 Fernando Leon leaves his Spanish agility,
 Matt McDonald leaves with Stephanie in mind
 Marie Magro leaves Emma behind,
 Greg Marcotte leaves his computer game,
 Joan Marshall leaves looking for FAME,
 Charlie Mathews leaves with his racket bi his
 side
 Cathy McCarthy leaves her mystical stride,
 Chris McConnell leave his Filenes Wholesale
 Susan McCormack leaves her old ponytail
 Linda McGrath leaves cool and Collected
 Steve McGrath leaves his Clint Eastwood
 Dialect,
 Kathy Melanson leaves the Cottage Street Gang
 Steve Mills leaves drinking his Tang,
 Jodi Minsky leaves to be wed
 Dean Morse leaves Someone in Bed!,
 Sue Mostow leaves with a key to the door
 John Muldeen leaves Quietly-not anything more,
 Jeff Nanis leaves his hermits in the Candy
 Store
 Shelly Myers leaves her big tennis score,
 Saul Natanson leaves trying to fit in
 Dave Neilson leaves plenty of sin,
 Steve Nelson leaves his little bod
 Karen Newton leaves extremely mod,
 Billy Nicholson leaves wishing he were a jock
 Stacey Nitenson leaves her silent alarm clock,
 Mike Noddell leaves his hockey skill
 Marie O'Brien leaves "What a thrill!",
 Kerry O'Connell leaves her monogrammed Crutches
 Mona Nudel leaves from Sweden's Clutches,
 Andrea Mosti leaves as the Italian Stallion,
 Patty O'Neill leaves her Irish Medalion,
 Karl Palframan leavea a cut and bruise
 Rick Parsloe leaves with all that booze,
 Scott Parsons leaves working at Arco
 Lauren Pearl leaves never letting David go,
 Joe Pearlmutter leaves his sad looking car
 Richie (FIG) Powell leaves his tonsils in a jar,
 Laura Pearlstein leaves her old beak behind
 Clarence Pearson leaves with basketball out
 of his mind,
 Billy Peterson leaves his disco roller skates
 Arnie Petrosky leaves "We just can't wait!"
 Carol Porder leaves her cinnamon toothpicks
 Jimmy Powers leaves his gymnastics,
 Michelle Pratt leaves in the lavs to hide
 Bryan Quenzel leaves with Beth by his side,
 Mike Rabb leaves his warped sense of humor
 Ellen Ravitz leaves with John as pursuer,
 Sheryl Richmond leaves Rosana Rosana Dana
 in the dust
 Lisa Rittenberg leaves her Comb, Brush, and,
 LUST
 Mary Jo Roach leaves her 5 by 5 disco spikes
 Linda Roffman leaves her clothes no one likes,
 Marsh Rudinsky leaves to be a Jewish Yente
 Caryn Rutfield leaves Kevin Cooke with Plenty,
 Craig Rutfield leaves his mathematical
 operations
 Debbie Sacon leaves her artistic creations,
 Allen Scheier leaves- Does he have any Grief?
 Steve Salemmie leaves the teachers in relief,
 David Schofield leaves his can of mace
 Cheryl Sellow leaves as a dancing ace,
 Marcia Shalek leaves a heavy hitter
 Jill Sheff leaves sweeter and sweeter,
 Stacy Shuman leaves roaming the halls
 Carolyn Shulman leaves her Avon Calls,
 Robyn Sidell leaves her 52 triple E
 Phil Sikora leaves for Annie,
 Gary Silbert leaves with donuts a must
 Beth Silver leaves for California or BUST!
 Robert Silverman leaves his orange trunks at
 the lake
 Russell Simmonetti leaves a class flake,
 Lisa Sinman leaves with her Foreign boys
 Rob Skelton leaves with his trumpet noise,
 Neil Small leaves finally growing taller
 Randy Smith leaves Andy to call her,
 Robin Snider leaves as Sharon's A#1 Princess
 Steve Snyder leaves his basketball success,
 Mark(Waldo) Spaulding leaves calm, cool and,
 confident
 Dena Speigel leaves as an absolute Dissident
 Betty Steinberg leaves Mary in the halls
 Jack Stock leaves his spirit calls
 Mike Stressenger leaves his "Fuzzy Balls"
 Eric Swartz leaves his Sci-fi art
 Michael Sweeny leaves his library cart,
 Scott Teceno leaves basketball with the kids
 Karen Tekulsky leaves class day with skids,
 Sabine Terriet leaves succeeding in tennis
 with all her might
 Linda Thompson leaves dancing in the Limelight,
 Bob Tilson leaves horny and green
 Irene Tacolsky leaves the cool chick on the
 scene,
 Lisa Todd leaves as her own worst enemy
 Barbara Tolman leaves her blue Chevy,

Jo Triole leaves her underclassman twin
 Sylvia VanDyke leaves without a sin,

Jeff Waitze leaves Mara for college
 Barby Walsh leaves her books of knowledge,

Bert Wartski leaves as God's gift to the earth
 Mary Waterman leaves giving the yearbook a birth,

Susan Waxman leaves her red hair a flame
 Dan Weinberg leaves his hair the same,

Monica Weinstein leaves The Sharon High Times
 quite grand

Lesley Wilkins leaves the boys in the band,

Michael Wilkins leaves skinny as can be
 Gayle Williams leaves blissfully,

Pam Wise leaves her sewing facts
 Bruno Wolfenson leaves his "MACHO" acts,

Gary Wolff leaves his obnoxious party habits,
 Tricia Wood leaves taking many hits,

Sue Yankowski leaves her paint brush in hand
 Henry Young leaves boogie-ing with the band,

Sandy Zeitsiff leaves school with Elroy to
 to get high
 Andy Zeuli leaves his mathematical π ,

Barbara Thorpe leaves with no tears
 Kurt Zenruffinen leaves after FIVE YEARS!,



Heading For College

Daniel Abramson
Daniel Adler
Thomas Albuit
April Alexander
Brian Alkins
David Allen
Carol Ampey
Donna Appelstein
Phyllis Arffa
Stephanie Baker
Stephen Balerna
David Bashy
Sidney Baum
Michael Blau
Robert Bonin
Thierry Bonnaire
Debbie Bornstein
James Bowen
Harold Bower
Jeannette Branca
Carol Brown
Michael Carter
Donald Cave
Shari Clements
Robin Cleveland
Robert Cline
Sarah Cobb
Martin Cohen
Joy Cornell
Joseph Costello
Sharon Crawford
Joan Cuneo
Lisa Currie
Steven Dattrer
Susan Davis
Cathy DeLuca
Marcia Delman
Judith Drake
Carol Drayton
David Drimer
Patricia Dutton
Lisa Ellis
Monica Enxing
Ellen Epstein
Stephanie Falk
Michael Feldman
George Fitzgerald
James Fitzgerald
Beth Foster
Glenn Frank
Tracy Frassica
Michael Gaeta
Leslie Glow
Julie Godfredson
Erick Goldberg

Michael Goldstein
Lawrence Goodman
William Goodman
Julie Gordon
Jeffrey Goulston
Roy Grafton
Linda Gray
Paul Grealy
Mary Grunfel
Alan Hain
Diane Hall
Hope Hall
David Henriquez
Daniella Herbig
Hope Herson
Richard Hertzberg
Darlene Hodges
Christina Hollis
Kim Howard
Joanne Howley
Mitchell Hunt
Jonathan Hurwitz
Jayna Indeck
Afsaneh Iranpour
Elizabeth Isgur
George Jackson
Eric Jacobs
Deborah Jones
Susan Kafka

University of New Hampshire
Boston College
University of Lowell
Massasoit Community College
Salem State College
Union College
Salem State College
University of Massachusetts - Amherst
Swain School of Design
Massasoit Community College
University of New Haven
Sterling Institute
Bridgewater State College
Curry College
Northeastern University
University of Massachusetts - Amherst
Northeastern University

Wentworth Institute
Johnson and Wales
Newbury Junior College
Wentworth Institute
Barrington College
Howard University
Norwich University
Northwood Institute
University of Denver
Georgetown University
Henry O. Peabody School
Worcester State College
McGill University

Salve Regina - The Newport College
Drew University
Bay State Junior College
University of Massachusetts - Boston
Harvard College
Cape Cod Community College

Johnson and Wales
Evangel College
Massasoit Community College
Bryant College
Wheaton College
University of Chicago
Colby College
Bryant College
University of Massachusetts - Amherst

Roger Williams College
Providence College
Massasoit Community College
University of New Hampshire
University of Minnesota
University of Southern California

Bridgewater State College
Franklin and Marshall College
University of Florida
Goucher College
University of Maine at Orono
Nichols College
Southeastern Mass. University
Blue Hills Reg. Tech. Institute
University of Mass. - Amherst
Boston University
Bryant College
Wellesley College
Bryant College
Bridgewater State College
Sylvania Tech. School
Northeastern University
Clark College
Daemen College
Bridgewater State College
Bridgewater State College
Dartmouth College
Sante Fe Community College
Clark University
Wheaton College
Ithaca College
Wentworth Institute
Massasoit Community College
Clark College

Darlene Kanya
Lawrence Kaplan
Tilden Kaufman
Nancy Kaylor
Julie Kerber
Lee Kesselman
Jonathan King
Karen Kinney
Robert Korwin
Lisa Kostetsky
David Krauthamer
Mark Kravitsky
Stacey Kupperstein
Joseph Kurtzer
Kevin LaBrie
John Lagsdin
Beth Lake
Helayne Lapidus
Jonathan Lavien
Jean Lawlor
Barry Leavitt
Fernando Leon
William Leonard
Ronald Leppo
Marie Letendre
Ilene Lezberg
Tamara Lindheimer
Patricia Little
Paul Lofgren
Brian Lourie
Mathew MacDonald

Mario Magro
Gregory Marcotte
Joan Marshall
Charles Mathews
Susan McCormack
Steven Mills
Jodi Minsky
Dean Morse
Susan Mostow
Shelley Myers
Jeffrey Nanis
Saul Natansohn
David Neilson
Steven Nelson
Karen Newton
William Nicholson
Stacey Nitenson
Michael Noddell
Marie O'Brien
Kerry O'Connell
Karl Palframan
Lauren Pearl
Laura Pearlstein
Joseph Perlmutter
Arnold Petrosky
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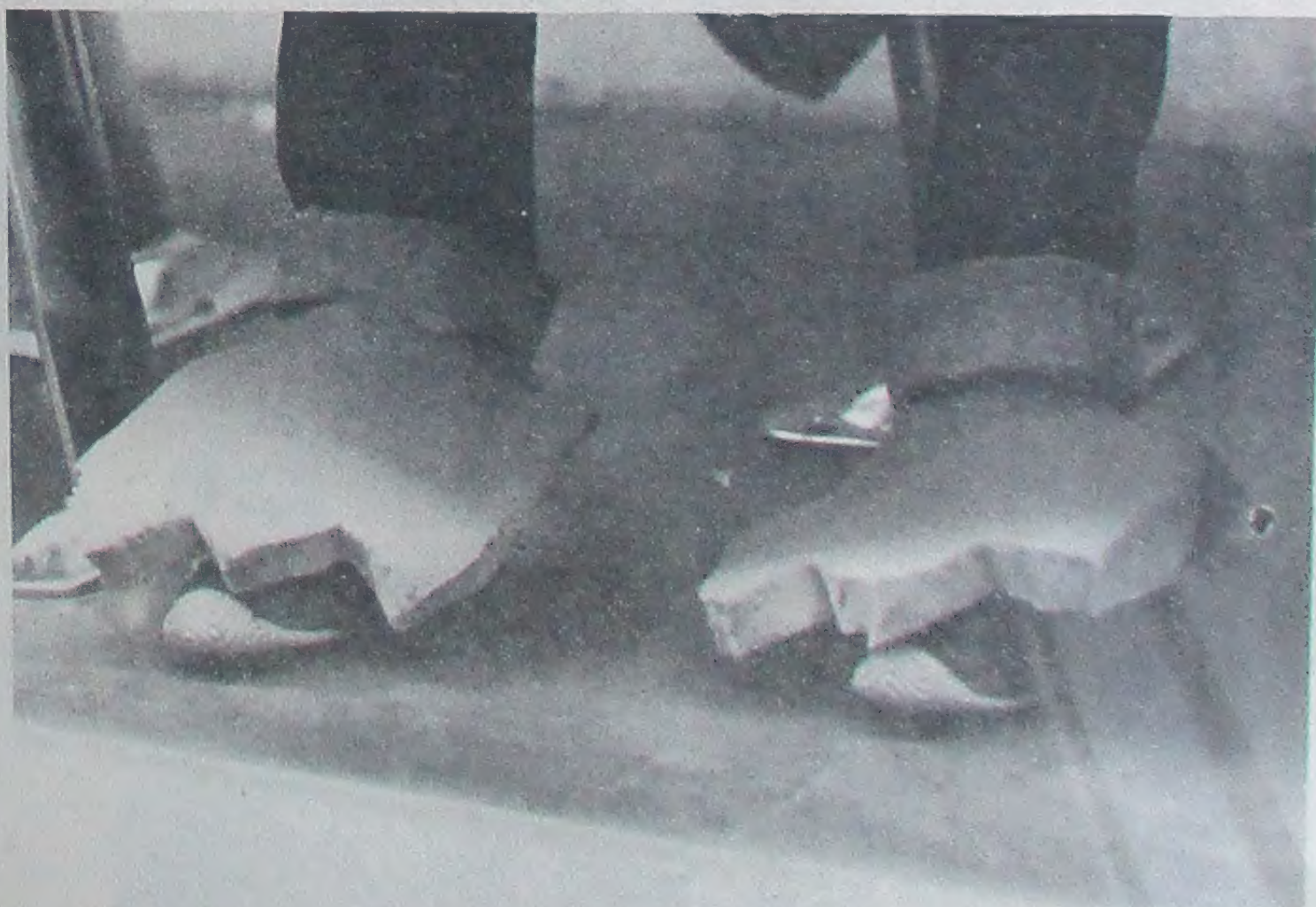
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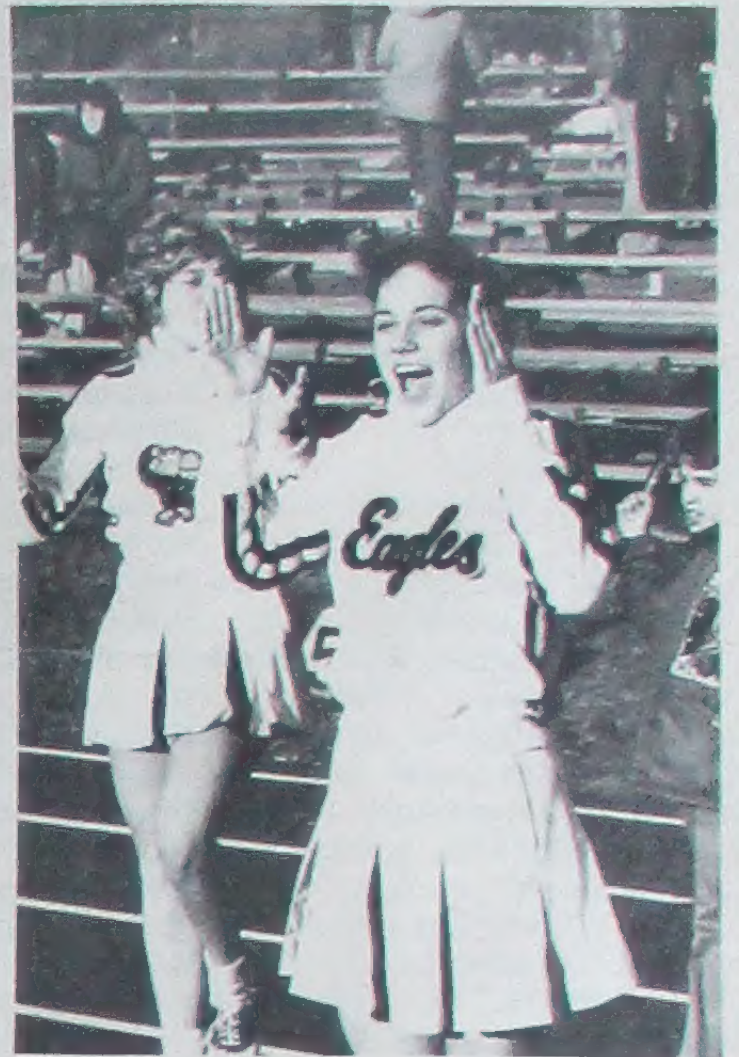
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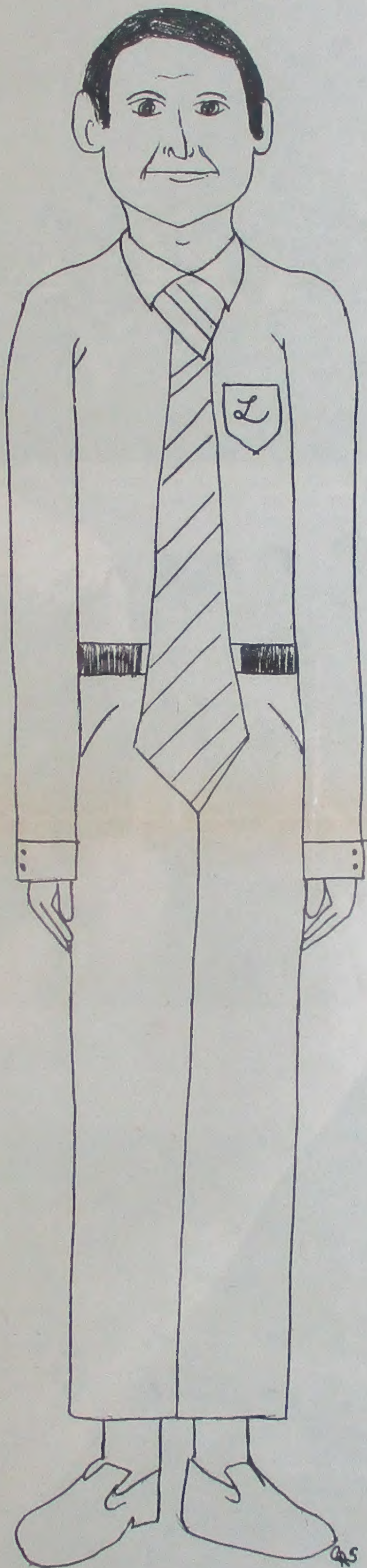
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LATER, LURCH!



Walk on, then, Brian Friend, walk on; and as you walk look back at what you had and think of what your future holds. Look ahead, Brian, and try to picture what's in store for you. As you look ahead, do not forget your past, the friends that you had the good times with, the family that loves and will miss you very much. Don't be afraid, Brian you can tell you'll be well looked after, and your family, friends and relatives will always remember you as that warm person that you were.

Walk on. Don't stop, Brian, you see the gate. You must enter. Climb Brian. Climb. Not much further to go, and don't look back. It will only make you want to go back, and you know you can't. Open the gate Brian, you see how peaceful it is. That's it Brian. Close the gate behind you. Don't cry, Brian. We'll all be with you soon enough.

-Ron Leppo

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